



佳偶天成

结合真实爱情故事
总编小狮领衔策划
「天生一对」恋爱日记本
一套两册甜蜜赠送

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花火



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A Match Made in Heaven - Chapter 01-02

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Chapter 01 – The Woman in the Dream



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A Match Made in Heaven

by Shisi Lang

Before reading on, please be aware that this is part of the 1st chapter series, so there will not be more updates following this chapter. This is only meant as an introduction to the novel to garner interest from readers and translators alike. Since 7 Unfortunate Lifetimes was picked up as a project, maybe someone else will pick this one up as well!

Chapter 01 – The Woman in the Dream

Xin Mei was turning sixteen this May, and with the impending date came her father's increasing distress. At dinner one night, he suddenly asked her: "Sweetpea, how do you feel about your eldest senior? With his strapping body

and honest personality, you'll never be bullied if you marry him."

Xin Mei was going for a meatball, which slipped and rolled away. She gave some thought. "... Okay."

A water basin was heard clattering beyond the door. Through the window, they saw her eldest senior bolting away in horror with his hands over his face.

"What are you doing?" Xin Xiong demanded in perplexity.

Her eldest senior was overcome with tears: "Master, I already have a girlfriend! Please don't leave little sister in my care!"

Xin Mei was going for another meatball. It slipped again and this time rolled right onto the floor.

Being a kind master, Xin Xiong couldn't find it in him to force his disciple to marry his daughter.

As he watched May looming closer, Xin Xiong became more and more anxious. During dinner one day, he asked, "Sweetpea, what do you think about your second senior? He has milky skin and a clever mouth. You'll be happy if you're with him."

Xin Mei gave some thought. "... Okay."

From beyond the door came the sound of a water basin crashing over again. This time, it was her second senior who was covering his face to bolt away.

Xin Xiong had no choice but to give up finding nearby candidates.

Ever since she turned fifteen, Xin Mei's marriage had been a cause for Xin Xiong's concern. Xinxie Manor was quite loaded if one wanted to discuss wealth, and fairly well-known if one wanted to discuss fame. They were renowned in the business of breeding magical beasts to sell to major sects. Such a family background coupled with his generosity had led Xin Xiong to assume finding a son-in-law would be a breeze.

However, when Xin Mei was just one month old, Xin Xiong for whatever reason had invited the immortal Yuqing from Mount Sal to come and divine her fate. Yuqing contemplated for an entire day before finally shaking his head: "Your daughter has a very strange fate. Her marriage... will be a bit unusual. Her future

groom will be half-human, half-ghoul. It's her fate to jinx her husband."

No one knew how this divination got out, but everyone in town caught on to the news that the young lady from Xinxie Manor was to be a curse to her husband. Since then, everyone became wary. None dared to attract Mr. Xin's attention lest he detain him to be his son-in-law.

Each year Xin Mei grew older was another year Mr. Xin was wrought with worry. She was his only daughter, whose mother had passed away too soon. He himself didn't intend to remarry, but would he have to let his only daughter also lead an unmarried life?

His mind was so preoccupied these days that he almost did not sleep. Suddenly a light went on in his head. He called for Xin Mei in the evening, smilingly telling her: "Sweetpea, Chongling Valley is ordering a group of magical creatures from us. I haven't been feeling well recently. You're grown now; a merchant's daughter needs not acquire ladylike skills. Make the delivery to Chongling Valley and take it as a chance to see the world."

Catching the sparks in her father's eyes, Xin Mei's lips curved into a smile. She knew where he was heading, so she gave some thought and replied, "Actually, I think I'm still too young to..."

"How are you young anymore?!" Mr. Xin hurriedly exclaimed. "Your mother gave birth to you when she was sixteen years old! A woman might as well be an old maid if she isn't married by the time she's sixteen!"

"Then... I'll spend a couple of days outside and meet some... erm, promising young men from other areas, would that be alright?"

Xin Xiong hastily nodded. "Yes, capital! If you meet someone you like, just write Daddy a letter. There's no need to come home! We'll hold the wedding right there!"

Xin Mei thought to bring extra money this time. She'd go to another area and shop for a husband there, then train him very well indeed so that her father would be put at ease. Why, there were many people here in town who left to buy a wife. That meant a husband could also be purchased. Not a problem. She hadn't much else, but money she'd got lots of.

The next day, she put on civilian clothes and brought Qiuyue out, then herded an enormous group of magical animals and flew away in the direction of Chongling Valley.

Qiuyue was a big, fat pelican. It was a birthday present from her father when she turned ten. It was extremely ugly, so much so that she had had a scare the first time she saw it. Xinxie Manor bred countless creatures, including a graceful crane and a gorgeous bird of paradise. But her father just had to give her an insanely ugly pelican!

Over the years, however, she began to think that it was a rather great choice. No matter what trouble they got in, Qiuyue always stayed calm in the face of danger. It was very low-maintenance, and if there was nothing going on, then it would just quietly doze away. Compared to those other wobbly magical birds, it flew much faster and steadier. Occasionally when they were met with ignorant air pirates, a fan of its wing could bring ten people down.

That was when Xin Mei realized the truth: men were the same. What could good looks do? Usefulness was what mattered! Erm, of course, she still hoped she could pick up a husband who was both good-looking and useful.

Chongling Valley was a long distance away from Xinxie Manor. Along the way they would have to cross the Wanlan Mountains that stretched for thousands of miles. Even though Qiuyue was a fast flier, the herd of magical creatures behind them were too delicate. They weren't used to hardship and as soon as it got dark would cry for food and sleep.

Xin Mei had to pull into the mountains to find campground. These magical animals had been too spoiled. If the water wasn't boiled they wouldn't drink. If it wasn't magical grains they wouldn't eat. Fortunately, they at least never escaped from her, being magical creatures. Otherwise she wouldn't be able to watch over all of them on her own.

The exceptionally quiet night coupled with Qiuyue's exceptionally warm plumes led Xin Mei into gradual slumber and she soon dozed off on Qiuyue.

At midnight, she sensed that Qiuyue wasn't behind her anymore. Amid biting cold winds lashing into her face, she shivered and slowly opened her eyes.

All she saw were empty plains. The magical animals and Qiuyue had

disappeared like thin air. She was left alone, curled up on the ground. Startled, Xin Mei hastily whistled a dozen times. Normally, Qiuyue would've flapped its wings to fly back, but this time there was no response.

Calm down, calm down... she silently told herself. It wasn't as if this hadn't happened before. There were many ghosts deep in the forest; presumably those lonely ghosts were playing a prank on her. She took a stack of joss paper and some incense from her sack to burn while silently chanting.

She chanted for a while and couldn't go on anymore. The dancing flame in front of her had become a green will-o-wisp.

A ghastly wind blew by. In the depths of darkness where one couldn't see his own fingers came the bitter sigh of a woman, half sounding like weeping half sounding like laughter. Xin Mei stamped out the green light and turned her head as she saw scattered will-o-wisps and a flickering red robe stained in blood. Masses of hair began to grow from the ground, crawling around as if alive.

Needless to say, she had the worst luck.

The masses of hair on the ground began to gather and then finally turned into a woman's head. It flew to her and grinned – its eyes and mouth nothing but bloody black holes.

Xin Mei considered for a while and at length asked: "... Alright, what would you like? Besides joss paper and incense, I also have blank tablets and an incense burner."

These were essential things to carry when sleeping away from home. This was what Daddy had taught her. With ordinary ghosts, a few pieces of hell money and three incense sticks would do. With monsters, tablets and incense burners could inhibit them from inflicting damage for at least one night. Unfortunately, she wasn't sure what it was she had encountered this time. Even her lighter could not be used; all that came out were will-o-wisps.

"Kaka ka..." the head began to chuckle while floating up from the ground. A bloody body gradually took shape under its originally empty neck. It swayed in the air, then flew straight at her.

"Wait!" Xin Mei screamed. The ghost actually paused.

“I also have this.” She offered a smile and took out a golden talisman from her purse. At any rate, she was considered half an immortality seeker. Not carrying any exorcism talisman wouldn’t be in line with her lineage. She bit her fingertip and dropped some blood onto the paper before gently tossing it forward. The talisman, which was made especially for monsters, seemed to have eyes. It made a whoosh and attached itself to the monster’s forehead.

It froze. She froze.

No effect... whatsoever.

Xin Mei froze for a long time, feeling cold sweat dripping down her back. The ghost also froze for a long time, a drop of sweat sliding down its forehead.

The exorcism talisman did not work. Then, that could only mean one thing...

“A patch of skin on your left cheek is peeling,” Xin Mei kindheartedly pointed to its disgusting face.

“Oh, thank you,” the ghost replied by instinct, rubbing the patch of skin away.

Awkward silence pursued between the two... It spoke, and was not afraid of talismans. That could only mean this thing wasn’t a ghost.

“I’ll go then,” it said at length. “Sweet dream. Bye!”

It turned and ran, but was suddenly grabbed from behind. Xin Mei caught its collar and hauled it back again. It faced her with its terrorizing appearance. The pretty girl in front of it stared back for a long time in utter seriousness before concluding: “So you’re not a ghost.”

It struggled. But because the girl was stronger than she looked, it could not break free.

“Pop,” a loud slap brushed across its face.

Xin Mei yelled as she went on with her beating: “If you’re not a ghost then you’re a monster. Stupid monster, give me back my magical creatures or I’ll cook you for dinner!”

Beaten to tears, it suddenly curled into a ball. Then, a puff of smoke drifted across and the bloody long haired monster disappeared. In its place was a little boy about eleven or twelve. The yellow pair of wings behind him made him

presumably a bird demon. He had a round face and large eyes. At the moment, they were covered in tears and snots.

“Are you going to talk or not?!” Xin Mei continued to beat him. She then suddenly noticed his wings and said, “I heard grilled chicken wings are pretty tasty.”

The little boy cried even more vehemently, flapping his little wings without being able to break away, trembling.

Xin Mei intended to pull a few feathers from his wings to scare him. However, her fingers had only touched the tip of a soft feather when she suddenly heard an icy yet very pleasing voice from behind: “Close your eyes.”

Momentarily surprised, she wasn’t sure who had told whom to close his eyes. By the time she turned around, her hand was empty and the bird kid had been taken away.

“Hey!” In haste, Xin Mei reached her hand out to snatch him back, but the other person had already floated back a dozen paces.

She could not see what he looked like in the pitch darkness. She could only tell he was a man who was wearing a light-colored robe, with black hair hung to his shoulders. The bird demon in his hand seemed to have fainted. He looked down, paused for a moment, then lifted his heels again. Xin Mei hurriedly called after him: “Wait! What about my magical animals?”

When he turned around, his vague silhouette seemed to her quite handsome, though his eyes were looking quite hostile.

“Leave.”

He waved his hand as a cold beam shot out, hitting Xin Mei’s shoulder. She shuddered and jolted awake. Qiuyue was still dozing away behind her, the fire in front of them was still warmly burning, and the animals were also sleeping in place, none missing.

Had all of it been a nightmare?

Xin Mei had just been hit over her shoulder. It didn’t hurt, but the sensation of being hit was still there. Looking through the sack, she was missing a few hell

bank notes and three incense sticks; the talisman was also gone from her personal purse.

It hadn't been a dream, then.

Chapter 2 - You Misunderstand

佳偶天成 (A Match Made in Heaven) by 十四郎

Chapter 2

You Misunderstand

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For the next few days, the forests of the mountains continued to act as makeshift night lodgings for Xin Mei after her supernatural encounters came to an end.

She had heard that somewhere in the Wanlan Mountains, some land had been set aside as a royal tomb. In the last few royal generations, there had been many royal bodies to bury, resulting in tombs that grew overly dark and creepy. In recent years, rumors of hauntings had also grown. His Highness of present no longer made offerings to keep the royal tomb pure and protected, and the site of the tomb had become an unfortunate gathering site that attracted many demons and ghosts. The bird demon and the strange man were likely demons of the royal tomb.

To have been able to come across the royal tomb amidst the vast and boundless Wanlan Mountains—and to have even encountered the supernatural on top of it! Suffice it to say, Xin Mei's luck was extraordinary! Her quest would surely come to fruition, and she would surely be able to purchase a good-looking and useful husband to take home to please her father.

The flight to the Chongling Valley had happened four days ago. When they saw the massive pelican drop from the sky, the disciples who guarded the gates to the Chongling Valley were so startled that their lips began to stick out.

This spirit animal... was really flashy. The disciples had never seen anyone with enough courage to use such a big and ugly spirit animal.

Xin Mei jumped off the back of Qiuyue (autumn moon), and the disciples' lips protruded even further. It was a really... really pretty girl. Even though her robes were plain to accommodate her travels, they did not succeed in eclipsing

her beauty. Smilingly, she approached them. Her cheeks were slim and clear as porcelain, with dimples both naive and without malice, all carefree. Upon seeing her smile, one felt as if there were no troubling things on earth.

Originally Xin Mei had wanted to go over for a simple greeting, and while she was there, also hand over the reins of her spirit animal for safeguarding. But the two disciples at the gate kept staring at her with red faces. And hey, after giving them a more careful look, these two were actually not bad looking!

Xin Mei looked at the one on the left and then the one on the right, concluding that the one on the right was a little bit more manly, a little more rough. She liked true men, and said “no thanks” to the pretty ones. Feeling her purse, which contained three thousand liang (ancient Chinese currency) for the purpose of purchasing a person, this should surely allow her to return home!

Xin Mei cleared her throat, “Xiao ge (little brother), you wouldn’t be any chance be willing...”

“Is it the Xin boss of Xin Xie Zhuang (House of Xin)?” Behind the gates, someone interrupted her words.

“Yes.”

Ah, business was more important; the matter of husbands could wait. Xin Mei let herself be cut off and replied her affirmation while throwing the little handsome guy a smile, looking at the name plaque at his waist. “Oh, so you are called Da Hu (Big Tiger). Well, I will remember that. I will look for you later, and then we can have a little competition.”

Just being good-looking was useless. To test how useful he was, she would need to test his skills. His face blushed and then paled. He thought: *so is this what they say about you jing you xi* (both alarming and joyous)?

With an increasingly good mood, Xin Mei took the lead in front of several women stewards and entered the gates.

The Chongling Valley was an important client of the Xin Xie Zhuang (House of Xin), making large orders for spirit animals nearly every year. In past years, it was always her father making the long journey to the valley. This was her first time coming here. The abode of these Xian Ren (spirit people / fae) was definitely

something else: clean and spacious and pretty. What was similar were the common clear tile-and-brick rooms, the jade-colored grass, and bright red flowers. This house certainly arranged itself well. Along the way, she passed the disciples of the Valley, each of them neat and good-looking, acknowledging her respectfully and bowing his head in greeting.

Finally she arrived at an extravagant pavilion. A woman steward entered to relate her arrival and came back out to say, "Xin Boss, the Valley Master says that his mood is not bad today, and he would like to receive you. Also, since you came all the way, he would like to let you stay here very a few days."

Xin Mei had heard her dad say that the Valley Master of the Chongling Valley was a fox xian (spirit / faerie) with several thousand years of cultivation. He was of a very friendly character and would not even take affront when younger generations (spirits with less years of cultivation) relaxed and joke around with him. That he would let her live here was just too good. Later, she could look for Da Hu to discuss the matter of purchasing him.

Lifting her foot to enter the doors, she suddenly heard from above her head a cow's moo, directly followed by a rickety ox-cart suddenly dropping from the sky to land exactly next to her. The door of the cart opened and a dumpling-white figure scrambled out.

The figure raced for his life towards the pavilion while shouting, "Out of the way! Out of the way! Zhen Hong Sheng! You damned fox! Hurry and come out!"

He flew very fast, and Xin Mei couldn't even catch what he looked like. Turning to the elderly woman steward, she saw a calm and collected face as if she was completely accustomed to the spectacle.

"Xin Boss, please." The steward extended the invitation with a gesture to go upstairs. And seeing her so calm and collected, Xin Mei felt too embarrassed to make a fuss and ask any questions, so she immediately went upstairs.

The building looked to have been constructed normally from the outside, but the inside was bright as if lit up by the sun. Each level of the pavilion was marked by a season, with four seasons and four levels in all. After walking up the beautiful sceneries of the first three levels of spring, summer, and fall, Xin Mei stood still on the top floor in front of the last few steps. The top floor was

covered by brilliant white snow, and a chill breeze fluttered through the room just like the bone-biting cold winds of the real winter season.

Despite being the top of the pavilion, there was a little courtyard to a side with a frozen pond, lined with wintry trees filled with little red berries. There was even a small, snow-covered little pavilion in which she found two men involved in a struggle, with one pinning down the other.

“Give it to me!” the man on top demanded angrily.

“Beg me, then. Beg me and I will give it to you,” the one pinned below the other replied, his eyes graceful and charismatic.

“You want to die!” The first man’s face darkened over the second man’s.

“Of course I don’t want to die. Why would I want to die when I can live forever?” The one on bottom readily owned his own words.

“You...!”

The one on top startled and suddenly raised his head to look over at the doorway where Xin Mei stood dumb as a wooden chicken. He stilled.

“Oh, are you Xin Mei?” The man who was being pinned down turned his head over, smiling at her, “When I first saw you, you were still a baby all swaddled in cloth. Now you have grown so big. Come over and let me take a good look at you.”

Xin Mei stood for a moment, thinking that she had better turn back and descend the pavilion. “Sorry to disturb. I’ll come back up later.”

“Stand there!” someone shouted, and Xin Mei turned back around again to see that the man who had pinned the other one down was now standing up in the snow. He wore a loose, slightly worn, and big robe that accentuated a thin, bony frame. At the moment, his face carried an at once angry and subtly anguished expression.

Pinning her with an unwavering gaze, he solemnly said, “You misunderstand!”

This classic line is often found in dramas. For example, take the man who isn’t careful and while holding the hands or the waist of a woman that isn’t his wife, accidentally and unfortunately comes across his wife, and the first line that

comes to his head is this exact line. Or for example, take the woman who falls into the trap set up by a love rival, causing her husband to treat her coldly, (which is worse than abuse). She must take a swallow of blood and spit out this line with weight as heavy as a mountain range.

Xin Mei was very understanding of this kind of frame of mind, and because she definitely would not want these two to feel even more guilty and gloomy, she nodded her head at once, saying, “Yep, I understand.”

However, in response, the man just seemed angrier as he bellowed, “What is there to understand? Stop looking like that! You definitely don’t understand!”

Distressed, Xin Mei rummaged through her brain while the man inside the little pavilion stood up while laughing. With a wave of his sleeve, a half-worn book flew into his hand.

“Mei Shan, your temper has worsened in the past years. You are xian, go take a Mood Lightening pill. I’ll give it to you, but a wine-brewing book? You have gone mad.”

Mei Shan took the half-worn book firmly and carefully slipped it in his robes like it was a treasure. Now looking at Xin Mei again, he was a bit awkward. He might as well just go. A voice from the bottom of the pavilion came through. “You have a lot of medicinal herbs here! Let me stay for a few days to pick some for brewing wine!”

“Xiao Mei (little Mei, addressing Xin Mei), come over here,” the man inside the little pavilion unhurriedly beckoned her over.

Around his neck was a live white fox, motionless. If it weren’t for its blinking eyes, Xin Mei really would have thought it was a scarf. Above the white fox’s sparkling and plump fur was a grinning and yet gentle face that looked... that looked truly beautiful as a flower! Whoa.

“Haha, long time no see. You have already grown so tall.” He lifted his hand to gently cup a porcelain cheek, his palm warm and nice-smelling. “And so pretty.”

Xin Mei was getting uncomfortable at his touch, until she remembered that her dad once said that this fox xian lord wasn’t the type of person to follow propriety according to age. Be it male or female, he enjoyed getting all physical

to express his affection, so when the time came, she should just let him touch her a bit and it would be fine. However... why was he still not getting go?

He took her hand again, turning it over to attentively study her palm for quite awhile. Then, without a word, he flipped it over again, taking her hand and treating it as if it was a toy to be held between his. Kneading her hand lightly, he said, "I heard your father has been recently very concerned over the issue of your marriage. Seeing as you are staying at the Valley for several days, where we have many young and handsome disciples, just let me know when any of them catches your eye."

Both of Xin Mei's eyes brightened. Suddenly, getting her hand felt up by him wasn't uncomfortable anymore.

"Really? Actually, just earlier I had my eye on Zhang Da Hu who was guarding the gate!"

Zhen Hong Sheng paused, raising his laughing-yet-not-laughing eyes to look at her, making a humming noise. "How could he catch your eye? He has only been here for a few moons, he's not talented, and he's ordinary looking."

"Well, I think he looks fine."

He laughed lowly. Suddenly in a mischievous mood, his strong and distinguishing gaze caught a charming intent as he grasped her chin and lightly lifted it to raise her eyes to his face. "Is he as good looking as me? If seeing me, you'd still want him, you are a young lady with no taste."

He was clear in Xin Mei's gaze, and her eyes turned over him twice, feeling embarrassed and put in a difficult position. "You... ugh, Lord Fox Xian, you are... how should I say it..."

"Just say it." Zhen Hong Sheng, seeing her wanting to say something but unable to, hastily hinted that she tell the truth bravely. He has always very attentive about his own appearance, and he perked his eyes to hear her evaluation.

Very seriously, Xin Mei said, "You look like a woman. I don't like the pretty types."

"..."

Whoosh, his soul was seriously wounded. The top floor's wintry landscape cracked, suddenly changing in little firefly-like lights, disappearing into the sky. The building returned to its original state of walls with painted-on columns.

The weak and gossamer-like fox xian Zhen Hong Sheng quickly raised himself, mournfully walking away into the distance step by step.

Like a woman like a woman like a woman... only these three words cycled endlessly around in his heart, only this phrase struck him so profoundly. It was basically a finishing blow, and he couldn't recover.

"Eh, Lord Fox Xian?" Xin Mei called to him. "So about the matter of Zhang Da Hu...?"

He suddenly turned around, "It's called *handsome*! Do you even understand the concept of handsomeness!? You do not understand anything, you damned servant girl! I definitely won't hand over any disciple to you! Not even one! Not even half! Never!"

He said this while covering up his face and running away.

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Translated by Mimi and edited by Ariel